

P O E M S
A N D
T R A N S L A T I O N S,
O N
S E V E R A L O C C A S I O N S.

By RICHARD LELY, Esq;

— *O Laborum*
Dulce Lenimen.
Hor. Ode 32, Lib. I.

L O N D O N:

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TO
C L O E.



HE MUSE advent'rous sings
her infant *Lays*,
To THEE she sings, and
fondly hopes to please:

A Virgin *Blush* betrays *Her anxious State*,
Till YOUR Decree shall fix *her doubtful Fate*:
For sure,— what freely *You or praise, or*
blame,

Dies soon as born, or springs to endless Fame.

Women

iv DEDICATION.

Women of old (not so our modern FAIR)
Made *Sense* and *Letters* their peculiar Care :
The *BARD* might then, without revolving
long,

Ingag'd a *FEMALE PATRON* for his Song ;
Whose *Judgment*, bias'd by no partial End,
Would teach *Her* where to censure, where
commend.

•Twas then harmonious *SAPHO* tun'd her
Lyre,

And sweetly warbled forth *her love-sick Fire* :
In moving Strains how charming does *SHE*
weep,

While *Love* transports her to the fatal *Leap* !

Smooth

DEDICATION. v

Smooth flows each Line expressive of her
Pain,

And mournful Accents beg relief— in *vain.*

Notions how different rule our present
BELLES!

Fashion with them instead of *Sense* prevails.
Each beauteous *Female* now commences wise
Who speaks her Thoughts by *Cleaths* of
various Dyes :

Thus sable *Crapes* display their gloomy *Woes*,
While sprightly *Wit* in *Cherry-colour* flows:
Prudential Cares with *Crimson* best agree,
And *Indian Figures* serve for *Repartee*:
Each various *Suit* betrays a various *Mind*,
With low *Ideas* to their *Dress* confin'd.

Degenerate

vi DEDICATION.

Degenerate Age!— but hold my MUSE,—
forbear,
And for the sake of ONE ten Thousand
spare;
Nor longer blame that SEX from whence
you took
The trueſt CRITIC, with the sweetest Look.
Here Charms so piercing strike my ravish'd
Sight,
I die confus'd amidst a Flood of Light :
Un-number'd Glories dart a heavenly Ray,
While Eloquence adorns what-e'er You say.
Like YOUR's, had SAPHO's Cheek with roses
glow'd,
So many Tears in vain had never flow'd;

Her

DEDICATION. vii

Her PHAON then had heard the *blooming Maid,*

And not to foreign Realms unkindly fled :
Not so HER Fate :— 'Tis true APOLLO smil'd,
And breath'd soft *Rhetoric* round the Infant
Child :

But VENUS and the GRACES prov'd unkind ;
For SAPHO's *only Beauty* was her *Mind.*

Thus far I've dar'd my slender *Voice* to raise,
YOUR *Worth*— my Theme, and all my
Song— *your Praise* !

The *arduous Task* I but in vain pursue,
Unequal to confer *Encomiums* due
To all *Perfection* shining forth in You.

Forgive

viii DEDICATION.

Forgive then, FAIR ONE, I entreat forgive,
And oh ! Consent the *new-born Lines* should
live :

If in returning Years the MUSE shall soar,
And wing her *flight* to *Heights* untry'd
before ;

YOUR LOVELY SELF shall be her *Favourite*
Name,

And all my *Lyre* shall dwell on CLOE's *Fame,*
9 DE 63



St. M. non vixit et non dicitur

E D O

inventio

Brusse AMANITAS

inventio

curie

inventio

curie

inventio

curie

inventio



JESUS in agro ludens cum Matre.

ODE

In quā  curatur

RURIS AMÆNITAS.



T quis hic autem Puer, inno-
centes

Qui parat lusus, ubi prata
mollis

Collium flexus, tenuisque rivi

Unda coronat?

Tune



R A P I N's
CELEBRATED
PASTORAL ODE,
INTITULED

*JESUS at play with his MOTHER in the
Fields, with a Description of rural Pleasures,
imitated in a paraphrastical Way.*



HERE bending Hills pro-
ject a friendly Shade,
And skreen from parching
Heats the prostrate Glade ;
Midst flow'ry Fields where slender Riv'lets stray,
What CHILD is this intent on harmless Play ?

Tune Stellarum Decor, eruditæ
Prima Naturæ facies, supremæ
Mentis Exemplum, sobolesque magno
Æqua parenti ?

Clara, Tu quondam pede qui tonanti,
Astra calcabas, volucresque Stellas ;
Jam super molles violas, & inter
Lillia ludis ?

Virgo, non Natum decet iste ludus :
Solis ardentes melius quadrigas
Frænet, & curru superos volanti
Urgeat Ignes.

Ante-

Are You the GLORY of the spangled Sky,
GREAT OFFSPRING! Equal to the DEITY :
You, the Resemblance of the MIND SUPREME,
NATURE's bright IMAGE, and our HEAV'NLY
THEME ?

Say then, can You your boundless Acts forego,
To sport where Lillies bloom, and Violets blow ;
Whom mighty Thunders but e'er now array'd,
And every PLANET, every STAR obey'd ?

VIRGIN enough! —— These Pleasures are
too low,
Nor THY DREAD PROGENY Majestic show :
His rather be —— to rein the rapid SUN,
And urge th' *Aetherial Fires* with Vigour on :

Antequam Cœli spaciosus orbis
Tenderet vastam per inane molem,
Ille jam nubes super, atque ventos
Arduus ibat.

Si per herbosos tamen est recessus
Cura ludentem recreasse natum,
Rure cum læto procul aura vernis
Floribus halat :
Hic ager vicinus amœnitatem
Dulce respirat ; sine nube puri
Hic fluunt soles, Zephyrique blando
Murmure ludunt.

Mollis

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 7

For know, e'er yet the *Firmament's* wide Space
Amidst th' expanded *Void* had gain'd a Place,
Sublime in Dignity on Clouds *He* rode,
And *Winds* tremendous bore the SOV'REIGN
GOD.

But if resolv'd *You'd* yet indulge the BOY
Amid' this green Retreat in sportive Joy :
The distant Air a vernal Essence pours,
And wafts ambrosial Fumes from opening
Flowers.

See! how the bord'ring Close, profuse of
Sweets,

Each various Sense with various Pleasure greets;
While Skies serene proclaim a chearful Day,
And wanton *Zephirs* in soft Murmurs Play.

Mollis hic tellus viret, & tepente
Sternitur musco via, ne rigenti
Vel pedes lædat teneros arena
Callis iniquus.

Sive lectorum studiosa florum,
Quæris aptandam puero coronam,
Aut amas molli digito comantem
Carpere Myrtum.

Late odoratas tibi promit uber
Hic opes campus ; rosa purpuratos
Hic sinus, fuscos Violæ, nitentes
Lilia pandunt.

Arbor

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 9

Here verdant Plains a mossy Livery wear,
And downy Paths the INFANTS Foot-steps bear:
No rugged Sands infest the turfy Space,
Nor wound his Feet beneath the matted Grass.

Perhaps inclin'd to cull each fragrant Bed,
You'd plait a Garland to adorn his Head;
Or say with softest Hands *you* should agree
To crop young Tendrils from the Myrtle
Tree:
Perfuming Blossoms here your Choice con-
found,
And cloath in various Dies th' enamel'd Ground.
Lillies and Violets all their Charms disclose,
And purple Blushes stain th' unfolding Rose.

Autum-

Arbor æstivo bene multa soli
Divite exponit sua poma ramo :
Frugibus felix beat arva largo
Copia cornu.

Terra quæ dorso tumet eminenti,
Sponte se Baccho dedit: At patentes
Fusa per Campos Cereri laborat
Ubere Gleba.

Sive te fontes, & amæna lymphis
Prata delectent, ubi blandienti
Garriat lætam querulus per Herbam
Murmure Rivus,
Non procul leni fluit unda cursu,
Nulla quam turbat ratis, inquieto
Remigum pulsu, vacat otiosis
Ripa phaselis.

Una

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. II

Autumnal Fruits their golden Sides display,
And boast the Influence of the ripening Ray:
Luxuriant *Bacchus* climbs the steepy Hills,
While lowly *Ceres* all the Valley fills:
Productive Soils spontaneously incline,
To grant superfluous Stores of Corn and Wine:
Plenty puts on her ever-smiling Face,
And *Nature* bends beneath her rich Increase.

Or say,— should chrystral Fountains more
entice,
And dewy Meadows tempt your wandring Eyes;
Where thro' their Surface purling Waters creep,
And softly lull the Lab'ring Hind a-sleep.
Behold hard by a silver Current glides,
Nor ships, nor Oars disturb its gentle Tides.

Hark !

Una per campos Aqua delicatum

Vitreo labens ciet ore murmur:

Blanda labenti, simul & strepenti

Obstrepit aura.

Humidum littus tepet, & palustri

Texitur junco: Per aprica rivum

Arva ludentem tegit explicatis

Frondibus Arbos.

Quid voluptates memorare pergan:

Cæteras ruris tibi præparati?

Ipsa

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 13

Hark! How that trickling Stream thro' bladed
Fields,

Composing Sounds, and soothing Murmurs
yields :

While in faint Notes the plaintive Air replies,
And dying Gales repay its gurgling Noise.

Smooth fenny Rushes the moist Shore oe'r-run
Which glows with Warmth from the high-
mounted Sun :

Impending Trees a leafy Covering spread,
And cool the River in its winding Bed.

But why should I recount each various Sight
Here form'd to give THY GLORIOUS SELF
Delight?

Where-

Ipsa ridentis plaga ridet omnis

Ore puelli.

Pastor erranti grege feriatus

Inflat arguta calamos sub Ulmo :

Colle respondet vagus in propinquo

Carmina Pagus.

Interim plaudunt hilarata cantu

Rura, persultat pede pulsâ tellus,

Mugiunt Valles, ovibusque pastis

Flumina balant.

Personat festo nemus omne plausu,

Ales exultans ovat, & sonoris

Cantibus mutas animasse rupes

Gaudet acanthis.

Garrulus surdas Zephyrus volatu

Provocat frondes, ubi purus undæ

Humor

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 15

Where-e'er the CHILD a beauteous Smile
vouchsafes,

Each *Scene* looks gay, and ev'ry *Climate* laughs.

Beneath a vocal Elm, from Business freed

The joyful *Shepherd* tunes his sprightly Reed:

A stragling Hamlet on the Neigh'bring Hill

In echoing Strains resounds the *Shepherd's* Skill.

Mean while the sturdy *Clowns* in uncouth Dance

Retire in Order, and by Turns advance:

Adjacent Vales with ceaseless Lowings ring,

And bleating Sheep suck up the glassy Spring:

The warbling Gold-finch glads the list'ning

Ground,

And Rocks and Groves harmoniously resound:

While

Humor obliquo per agros laborat

Serpere cursu.

Illa naturæ fuit innocentis

Forma, cum prisci niveique mores,

Cumque sub primi bona mens vigebat

Tempora mundi.

Si quid æstivi per agros caloris

Forte vitalem tepefecit auram,

Obviam ramo nemus imminentis

Porrigit umbram.

Prona se nato, simul & parenti

Quercus affundit super, & reclini

Incubans natum pariterque matrem

Fronde coronat.

Perge

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 17

While prating *Zephirs* with prolific Air
Expand each Leaf, and every Branch repair.

Such was the Face, unblemish'd *Nature* wore,
When ancient Manners flourish'd heretofore :
Such the Allurements of her infant State,
E'er injur'd *Justice* fled her *earthly* Seat.

Should Summer Heats amid the Fields display
An Air more sultry from the Noontide Ray :
A Wood contiguous yields refreshing Aid,
And tames their Fury by its ample Shade.
Beneath a leaning Oak, reclin'd at Ease
The CHILD and PARENT watch the transient
breeze :

Depending Branches stoop to cool the Air,
And fan with quiv'ring Leaves the SACRED
PAIR.

C

Proceed

Perge felices agitare ludos

Virgo: Ludentem mea te sonabit

Musa, te semper, puerumque jugi

Carmine dicam.

Sic ames autem recreasse natum,

Ut tuo vati, miseroque Pacem,

Ore quo ridet bonus, & quietem

Annuat orbi.

Quint

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 19

Proceed then spotless VIRGIN, nor refrain
The happy Pleasures of the harmless Plain :
You and YOUR SON shall be my constant
Theime,
And every Line shall loudly boast your Fame.

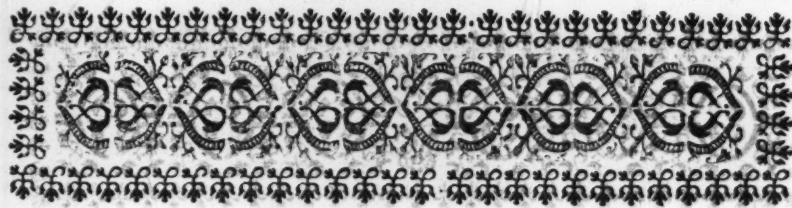
So may YOU strive the heavenly BABE to
please,
That I your BARD obtain his gracious Peace:
And HE, thro' Love propitiously inclin'd,
May bless a wretched World and save MAN.

K I N D.

C 2

I N

Quint



Quinti Horatij Flacci,

O D E III.

LIB. iv.



U E M tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem placido lumine vi-
deris,

Illum non labor Istmius

Clarabit Pugilem; non equus impiger

Curru

IN
IMITATION
OF THE
Third ODE of the Fourth
BOOK
OF
HORACE.



N whom, MELPOMENE, with
pleasing Eyes
Early you smil'd, and blest the
Infant's Cries;

His brighter Aim no ISTMIAN Prize shall
crown,

Nor rapid *Chariot* build his high Renown:

Curru ducet Achaico
 Victorem; neque Res bellica Deliis
 Ornatum foliis Ducem,
 Quod Regum tumidas contuderit minas,
 Ostendet Capitolio:
 Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile præfluunt,
 Et spissæ nemorum comæ,
 Fingent Æolio Carmine Nobilem.

Romæ Principis Urbium
 Dignatur Soboles inter amabiles
 Vatum ponere me Choros:
 Et jam Dente minus mordeor invido.
 O, Testudinis aureæ
 Dulcem quæ strepitum, Pieri, temperas!

O,

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 23

Nor to the CAPITOL shall He repair
Adorn'd with Laurels and rich spoils of
War;

Proud to have quell'd some haughty *Tyrant's*
Threats,

And won a Triumph by his Martial Feats :

But TIBUR's Shades and Riv'lets shall proclaim
Describ'd in *Lyric Odes*, his Deathless Fame.

ROME's SONS enroll me in the lovely QUIRE
Of BARDS inspir'd with PHÆBUS sacred Fire :
While now my *Rivals* partly wave their Spleen,
And Envy veils half Way her sickly Mein.

O MUSE— who soft'nest every soothing Sound,
And mak'st my *Shell* diffuse kind Airs
around !

O, Mutis quoque Piscibus

Donatura Cycni, si libeat, sonum !

Totum muneris hoc tui est,

Quod monstror Digo Prætereuntium

Romanæ Fidicen Lyræ :

Quod ipiro, & placeo, si placeo, tuum est.



SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 25

You — Who to silent Fish can give a Strain
Sweet as the Song when dying Swans com-
plain!

'Tis YOUR's, that pointing *Crowds* my Name
admire,

And hail *me Author* of the Roman *Lyre*:

My Life, my Praise, if any Praise I've gain'd,
All, all's *your Gift*, and thro' *your Power*
attain'd.



CLOE



C L O E
I N
T R I U M P H.
An O D E.

I.

VENUS bid CUPID t'other
Day
Convene the LOVES and
GRACES;
And instantly give over Play,
To search *their* lov'd Recesses.

2019

II.

II.

CUPID obeys with eager Pace,
But seeks in vain around:
In vain frequents each favourite Place,
Nor LOVE, nor GRACE is found.

III.

As thus the GOD went prying on,
Within *Himself* he said:
Perhaps these wanton CHITS are gone
To deck some earthly MAID:

IV.

When swift as HERMES down He flies,
And lights on GREEN-WICH Park;
A Scene where LOVE in ambush lies,
(As *skittish Nymphs* remark.)

V.

V.

Who should He there but CLOE view

Amid the PAPHIAN TRAIN?

Indeed! Miss CLOE! is it You

Such heav'nly Honours gain?

VI.

"Tis said, that in that fatal Space,

An Amber Box was seen:

(That Morning's Theft) a treach'rous GRACE

Purloin'd from Ida's QUEEN.

VII.

Within were lodg'd in narrow Room,

Rich Gifts of wond'rous Power:

YOUTH, BEAUTY, everlasting BLOOM,

And RAPTURE by the Hour.

VIII.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 29

VIII.

As peevish CUPID nearer drew,
In great surprize of Mind
The LOVES and GRACES upward flew,
But dropt the *Box* behind.

IX.

Possess of This, in VENUS' Room,
Now CLOE boasts *Her* Power ;
Charms us with YOUTH's eternal BLOOM,
And RAPTURE by the Hour.



CUPID



CUPID and CLOE:
A
DIALOGUE:
IN
ALLUSION
To the foregoing
ODE.

Cup. OURS, LOVELY CLOE,—



CUPID cries:

Clo. So humble?— Says the FAIR:

Cup. And why thus short?— the GOD replies;

Clo. The Cause then, STRIPLING, hear:

Know—

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 31

Know— *Fame* reports an ugly Loss—

But pray how fares LOVE'S QUEEN?

MAMMA (I guess) is somewhat cross,

Your Looks are so chagrin.

Cup Hear, CLOE hear, the QUEEN of Love

Bedew'd with pearly Tears

Alone frequents each gloomy Grove

(*Distraction* in her Airs.)

And thus she raves— *Pernicious Thief!*

The *Box*! the *Box*!— she cries:

Clo. Lord *Cu.*— Here take my Handkerchief,

To dry the *Lady's Eyes.*

Cup.

Cup. Insulting *Felon!* — adds the GOD —

But mark disdainful FAIR —,

You know that VENUS has a Rod,

Clo. Which *Cloe* does not fear :

So, heark 'ee, *Child*, my Service give,

('Twas Duty heretofore)

But since her *Loss*, I can't conceive

She'll e'er expect *That* more.



PRO-



PROLOGUE
TO THE
F A L L
O F
SAGUNTUM.

Written at the Request of the AUTHOR.



HE mournful *Theme*, this Night,
our Scenes prepare,
From every *British* Eye must force
a Tear.

D

No

No tragic Fable swells our solemn Page,
But moving Truths confirm'd from *Age* to
Age:

The Breach of Leagues to *faithful PATRIOTS*
given,

And *LIBERTY* in *FLAMES* re-gaining *Heaven*:
SAGUNTUM's Firmness 'midst her glorious
Woes;

An equal Victim to *Allies* — — and *Foes*.

Too oft' already has the *British Stage*
With amorous Rant prophan'd the tragic
Page:

As oft have *Streams* untimely learn't to flow
From whining *Love* — — *THAT COMMON-*
PLACE of WOE:

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 35

To Nights Distress a nobler Source declares,
And makes your *Reason* justifie your Tears ;
Not but our FAIR ONE's Grief will sadly
prove

The MAID knew all the Eloquence of Love ;
But short HER View of Life—— nor suit
Amours

The gloomy Prospect of expiring Hours.

No trivial Method does our AUTHOR
chuse,

No vulgar Paths to introduce his MUSE :
Soon as the *Nymph* displays her self to Sight
Eager she meditates a soaring *Flight* ;
Yet various Fears surround her as she sings,
Till your *Applause* shall raise her tender Wings ;

Secure of that, all future Doubts retire,
And flush'd with Joy, she boasts her native
Fire.

When injur'd *Virtue* droops her sacred Head
Tears ought to gush unbidden to her Aid :
Each sympathizing Breast should share her
Pain,

Sigh back her Sighs, and echo Strain for
Strain :

Then must our *Scenes* your deepest pity move
For *Thousands*, sworn one cruel fate to prove:
All greatly fixt their own dread Choice ap-
plaud,

And fall a *Monument* of LATIAN FRAUD.

Pardon

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 37

Pardon, great GENIUS of Immortal ROME!
The sad Revival of SAGUNTUM's Doom:
Methinks I see THEE blush, I hear THEE cry,
O spare the *Guilt*, and let the *Treachery* die!
Sink in Oblivion what I own my *Shame*,
Nor stab with fresh Reproach my wounded
Fame.



D 3

A



A SONG.

I.



HAT-E'ER I do, where-e'er
I go,

My CLOE's all my darling

Theme:

By Day, no other Thought I know,

By Night, no other pleasing Dream.

II.

II.

The *Flow'rs* that paint the fragrant Mead
Disclose in part my blooming DEAR;
My CLOE there I faintly read;
For FLORA shines less tempting fair.

III.

The spicy Gales which fan the Leaves,
And gently curl the Chrystal Flood,
Describe my CLOE when she breathes
Ten Thousand Sweets throughout the
Wood.

IV.

Soft *Philomel* who greets the Spring,
And warbling flies from Spray to Spray,
Surpass'd by CLOE hangs the Wing,
And stops her various trilling Lay.

V.

The sportive *Fawn* with bounding Heels
Along the dewy verdant Plain,
My CLOE's Innocence reveals,
My CLOE's pleasant sprightly Vein.

VI.

Beauty and Sense in ample grace,
In full Perfection gayly drest,
Charm us in CLOE's Mind and Face,
And sweetly rob us of our Rest.

VII.

MINERVA wise, and VENUS fair,
Have jointly form'd the dangerous MAID ;
Fly then YE SWAINS— nor pry too near,
To gaze alas!— is to be *dead*.

IN

IN
IMITATION
OF THE
Twenty seventh ODE of the
First BOOK
OF
HORACE.

Humbly inscrib'd to my Friend, Sir CHARLES—.



OR Shame give o'er! This
Savage Custom cease!
And crown each Glass with
Harmony and Peace.

No more let bloody Feuds our Souls disjoin,
For War is fatal to the Joys of Wine.

Would

Would you retain me for a Nightly Guest?

Let each Man toast the NYMPH that fires his
Breast;

On this Condition you may bribe my Stay ;
But this rejected forces me away.

Come then Sir CHARLES, impart her plea-
sing Name,

Nor blush to languish in a decent Flame :

What? Silent yet ?— The FAIR in Whispers
Own,

And give the *Secret* to my Ear alone:

With me *It* dies— Alas! What's That I hear?

My *Friend*, Sir CHARLES, in such a dangerous
Snare!

What

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 43

What *God*, what *Magic* can your Lot revoke?

What Charm release you from her flattering
Yoke?

Trust me, Dear FRIEND, all Efforts are in
Vain;

The dire *Chimæra* will her power Maintain.



CELIA's



CELIA'S OPINION.



WHILE my CELIA and I (as
transported we lay)
Were indulging our Senses in
amorous Play :

While her heaving round Breasts, and her
languishing Eyes
Set my *Soul* all on Fire with a wanton
Surprize:

Prithee

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 45

Prithee tell me, says I, in a whimsical Air,
If an *Opera*, or *Play*, CHILD, you chiefly
prefer?

The Question in short was no sooner pro-
pos'd,
But the Exquisite FAIR ONE her Mind thus
disclos'd:

The Delights of the *former* I highly approve,
(For *Harmony* sooth's us to *Raptures in Love*)
But the *Last* so far Charms in a greater De-
gree,

As the Pleasure of FIVE ACTS exceeds that
of THREE.



T O



TO THE
A U T H O R
Of the foregoing
L I N E S.



S your CELIA's Opinion was
lately survey'd
By the Bloom of FIFTEEN in
a sparkling Brocade ;
With a Mien past Description, which hinted—
The FAIR
Made the Sweets of THAT SAME, not the
least of her Care :

Both

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 47

Both the CHARMERS thought proper so far
to agree

As approving of FIVE ACTS much sooner
than THREE;

But the *Latter* conceiv'd, that to make Things
compleat,

A DISERT might be wanting to finish the
TREAT;

And therefore, says SHE, if I dare speak my
Mind,

(While Her Blushes betray'd how the NYMPH
stood inclin'd)

To improve the soft Bliss there's but one surer
Way,

And that is—— by tacking a FARCE to your
PLAY.

A

A

CANTATA.

RECIT.

MID the Fragrance of a Myrtle Grove,
Distracted by extreme Despair
To IDA's QUEEN and each propitious LOVE

DAMON thus breath'd his pensive Prayer:
Attentive all the CYPRIAN TRAIN
Hung pitying o'er his mournful Strain.

Arie

ARIET.

VENUS, QUEEN of fond *Desire*,

Heal thy dying *Vot'rys Smart*;

Goddess Oh, asswage my *fire*,

DAMON burns in every Part:

Bid the purpled Hours complain

To the listening Loves around

DAMON dies — neglected *Swain*!

CLOE flights, who gave the *Wound*.

RECIT.

Yet *Genial Venus* why do I implore

Thy Aid to cool my *fear'rish Heart*?

Bid CLOE but prove kind, I'll then adore

And bless THEE for the *thrilling Smart*:

Who would not all the *Pangs of Love* endure,

When CLOE is to work the *Cure*?

E

RECIT

RECIT.

As DAMON thus in melting Sounds express'd
The secret Anguish of his swelling Breast;

VENUS smiling gave Consent
That haughty CLOE should relent :
And more— to shew her self sincere
Advis'd him thus, and bid him cease his Fear.

ARIET.

DAMON give your sighing over,
Dress, and *shine* as others do :
Seem, a while, your *flame* to smother,
CLOE then shall bleed for you.
Women court you, when you flie 'em,
When pursu'd, are vainly coy ;
He, who boldly dares defie 'em,
Surely wins the fickle Toy.

Tell
Thou

A



A
T H O U G H T
O N
SELF-RESIGNATION.



ROFUSE of Woe, and harass'd
out with Care
Why feels my *Soul* the Horrors
of Despair ?

Tell me thou busy everlasting *Part*,
Thou anxious Witness of my bleeding Heart,

E 2

Oh

Oh say! From whence the Source of all
this Grief

Which hourly stabs, and vainly hopes Relief

Dreadful DECREE! which yet we must
believe,

As Sparks ascend, *Mankind* were born to
grieve.

So would th' ETERNAL —

Forbear vain Reasoning then, nor question more,

But meekly suffer, and through *Hope* adore.

Support me *Heaven* to kiss thy righteous
Hand,

Nor murmur once at thy severe Command;

So shall I stay the Fury of thy Rod,

Nor dread the Vengeance of an angry GOD.

Short

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 53

Short the Duration of our human State,
And scarce we breathe, e'er yield we must to

FATE :

Then, grant *Affliction* be our painful Lot,
The *Cup* (tho' bitter) will be soon forgot.
But Oh, How ravishing the *bliss divine*
Which waits that SOUL, who could with Joy
resign!

Whose zealous Mind, of future Ease assur'd,
Content th' Awards of *Providence* endur'd.

See! wing'd with Speed his guardian ANGELS fly
And safe conduct him thro a joyful Sky:
Midst QUIRES triumphant of the *Blest* above
Their *Charge* relinquish, and their *Care*
approve.

Thus ISRAEL'S KING, with mighty
Sufferings crown'd,
From troubled Waves a peaceful *Harbour*
found :

Pleas'd, not to see it's suppliant VOT'RY faint,
All *Heaven* rejoyc'd, and own'd the conquering

SAINT :

Seraphic Wonders did His *Ardour* raise
Charm'd with the *Task* of raptur'd *Love* and
Praise.



TO

TO A
Religious Lady,
OCCASIONED BY
HER PRESENT
OF A
STANDISH.

Madam,



HE MUSE too long has been
Ambition's Tool,
And sung obsequious to *her*
partial Rule:

Too oft in Trifles has her Voice essay'd,
And sunk from *Substance* to an airy *Shade*;

Un-

Unmindful grown of her *celestial Birth*,
And too, too prone to *Flattery* on Earth :
But see ! Her *native Pomp* She now
displays,
And at the Call of *Virtue*, trims *Her Bays*.

When *Goodness* labours most to be
conceal'd,
The *MUSE* takes *Care* it most should stand
reveal'd:
SHE strikes a public Stamp on *secret Worth*,
And calls each *Action* to a *second Birth*:
For this, ev'n now she prunes her tender
Wing,
And strives of *Piety* and *THEE* to Sing.

Bold

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 57

Bold the Attempt ! But Gratitude prevails ;
Accept the *Offering*, tho' the *Poem* fails ;
Nor think me rude that I Your Deeds
explore,

All search in Transport for the purest Ore.

From You, tho' various *Presents* strike
my Mind,
Yet must *this Last* a double Welcome find.
This gave the whisp'ring Hint — *reflect*
and *write* :
You lent me *Arms*, and *Duty* bids me
fight.

Oh, could I suit my Tribute to your *Praise*,
And paint your *Virtues* in eternal Lays !

Had

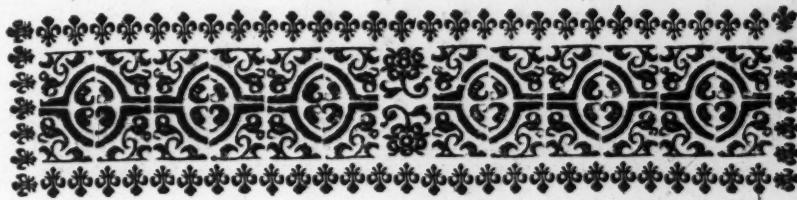
Had I a Mind from pensive Thoughts at
Ease,

(An *anxious* MUSE must never hope to
please)

Your *Life* a matchless *Pattern* I'd proclaim,
And distant *Ages* should revere your *Name*.



THE



THE
POWER
O F
CLOE's CHARMS.

ANACREONTIC.



IDST a drunken mad *Club*, taken
in by Surprize,
Where the Wit was low *Pun*, mixt
with Laughter and Noise,
The Force of bright *Beauty* I invoke to my
Aid,
And in Raptures describe my *soft languishing*
MAID :

At

At the CHARMER's Description all the *Brutes*
cease their *roaring*,
And enlightned, like CYMON, fall at once
to *adoring*.



Written



*Written extempore on a Wine Glass
upon spilling, for several successive Evenings
a Bumper to CLOE'S Health.*

ANACREONTIC.



WHILE my CLOE each Night
is the *Toast* I propose,
E'er the Glass reach my Lips,
still the *Bumper* o'er-flows ;
The *Miracle*'s this,— A young CUPID flies
down,
And the dipping his *Wing* makes the Liquor
o'er-run.

THE



THE
PETITION.



O SILVIA's Prayer my *Lyre* I
string,
(Your Aid YE MUSES lend)
PHOEBUS *half envying* bids me sing,
While all the LOVES attend.

THAT GOD still piqu'd at DAPHNE's Slight
Is often heard to sigh—
Alas ! had DAPHNE had more Wit—
Poor simple *Chit* to fly.

SILVIA,

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 63

SILVIA, to play a wiser Game,
From THYRSIS feigns to stray ;
But † GALATEA—— like the *Dame*
First gives her *destin'd Way*.

When lo ! the WANTON out of Breath
By THYRSIS now run down :
As she lies panting underneath,
Thus sues to IDA's Throne.——

Oh ! Guard me VENUS from all Harms——
Or grant at least *one Thing* :

† Malo me Galatea petit, Lasciva Puella,
Et fugit ad Salices & se cupit ante videri.

Virg. Ecl. 3.

If

If THYRSIS steal my *secret Charms*,
Convert him to a SPRING.

The *Nymph* prevail'd— but Oh, how curst!
The *Water* prov'd so sweet——
SILVIA e'er since feels such a *Thirst*,
Whole Streams can ne'er abate.



T O

ADA

Nor



To M^{RS.} ****
WITH
Milton's PARADISE LOST:
ON

*Her reading, and admiring the ninth
Book of that incomparable POEM.*

MADAM.



AD EVE your softer *Image*
worn
Serenely sweet, and blooming
as the *Morn*:

ADAM could ne'er have let *her* stray'd alone,
Nor then had ALL been *Sufferers* for ONE.

F

Yet

Yet more,— had EVE but half your *Beauty*
shar'd,

Scarce *Hell* it self to tempt *that Form* had
dar'd.

At Sight of THEE, *thus, thus, divinely Fair*,
The vanquish'd *Fiend* had sickned with Des-
pair :

The dreadful *Purpose* of his Soul forgot,
And BEAUTY triumph'd o'er his *hellish Plot*



— — — — — *And*

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 67

— And beheld

Beauty, which whether waking or a-sleep,
Shot forth peculiar Graces.—

Milton's *Par. Lost.* 1. 5.



THUS

P A R A P H R A S 'D.

I.

 WHEN CLOE wakes, I bleſs the
Scene

Which gayly strikes my *ravish'd*
Sight:

And, as soft Slumbers intervene,

I fondly eye the *calm* DELIGHT:

F 2

II.

II.

Thus SOL by turns and CYNTHIA charm;
By Day, the *fiery* GOD we praise:
By Night, admire a *Beam* less warm,
And welcome PHOEBE's milder *Rays*.





I N
IMITATION
OF THE
THIRD ODE
OF
ANACREON.



WAS on a black tempestuous

Night

When every *Space* was void
of Light:

When glittering *Stars* had veil'd their Heads,

And Mortals slumber'd on their Beds:

CUPID on purpose sly arriv'd
Where the jocose ANACREON liv'd;
When much fatigu'd, and wet all o'er,
His GODSHIP thunder'd at the Door.

The *good old Man*, in some surprize,
Demanded whence that sudden Noise:
Replies the *YOUTH*, and *archly smil'd*,
'Tis I,— ne'er fear,— A *harmless Child*;
Rise *Gentle Sir*, in Pity rise,
And save an *Infant*,— or he dies.

Toucht with Concern at what he said
ANACREON started from his Bed;
And having made a chearful Fire,
Unbarr'd the Door at his Desire.

When

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 71

When lo ! appear'd in open View
A *Stripling* with a *Silver Bow*.
A Pair of *Wings* his Shoulders grac'd ;
His *Quiver* cross his Back was plac'd.
Our friendly *HOST*, to shew his Care,
First drain'd the Water from his Hair :
And last — his Compliments to crown,
He warm'd *his* Hands between his own.

When now, the *YOUTH* grown pert and
gay,
Contriv'd the *Means* to shew his *Play*.
I fear, *says he*, my Bow has lost
A Power e'er now it used to boast :
I fear this *Storm* has slack'd the String,
And much impair'd it's former Spring :

I'll try howe'er,— *twang* flies a *Dart*
And pierces poor ANACREON's Heart.

This done— He 'loud proclaims his Joy,
And Laughing cries— adieu OLD BOY :
No Damage did my Bow sustain,
I guess, howe'er, your future Pain :
For know, my String has prov'd so sound,
Your *Heart* has felt a deadly Wound.



P R E.

See

The



TO A
Contemplative LADY,

With a
P R E S E N T

Of a small
AMBER HOUR-GLASS.

MADAM,

BEHOLD this *Emblem* of our
fleeting Years
Alike unstaid by *Menaces* or
Tears !

See how the Sands in solemn Motion glide !

The Godly's Comfort, and the Scourge of Pride.
Thrice



*Thrice happy You ! who thus with Joy
survey*

*The waining Prospect of Your well-spent
Day :*

*Whose pious Thoughts one constant Tenour
bear,*

And count for every Sand a sacred Prayer.

*Th' APOSTLE thus by holy Zeal possest,
And fir'd with *Hopes of everlasting Rest,*
On *Earth* with *Pain* regretted his *Abode,*
And *heavenly-minded* long'd to be with
GOD.*

THE



THE
ORACLE of WIT.
A
T A L E.



NYMPH of high exalted
Birth,
A Fav'rite giddy MAID;
To compliment the *drowzy*
Earth
Forsook PARNASSUS' Shade.

PHOEBUS

PHOEBUS who knew her *various Flight*,

Her *wild inconstant Part*,

Made REASON Guardian over WIT,

To curb each *wanton Start*.

Swift she descends with *sprightly Air*,

Yet subject to her *Guide* :

For REASON instantly took care

To grace her PUPIL's Side.

And First— Our *Ancestors* believ'd

The pleasing GUEST their *own* ;

When having stupidly conceiv'd,

Their *Off-spring* prov'd— a PUN!

ACROS-

ACROSTICKS next with *childish* Pride
Would urge their feeble Claim:
But WIT from *them's* distinguish'd wide
As *Substance* from a *Name.*

Obscene ENTENDRAS loudly cryed
That WIT and *they* were *One*:
But *Decency* to WIT's allied,
And ever guards her *Throne.*

In vain the tinsel *Coxcomb* tries
The CHARMER to detain:
For *Darts* and *Flames* and *thoughtless Sighs*
Subvert Her *easie Reign.*

Fain

Fain would the mad COQUETTE aver
She holds the beauteous *Prize* :
But WIT as *strangely* flies from Her
As from *her self* — She flies.

Deluded thus, ten *Thousands* err'd,
Who term'd their *Foible* — WIT ;
While still a *Shadow* was preferr'd,
(The MAID — conceal'd as yet.)

Lo! ALL HER SELF! how sweetly gay !
How charming to be seen !
While SHE — to tempt us every Way,
Takes CLOE's *Shape* and *Mein*.

And

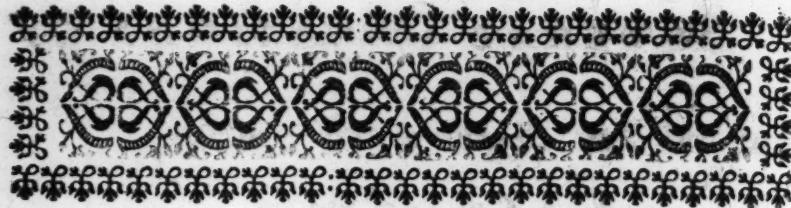
SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 79

And now each *Turn* of CLOE's Words,
With *just Ideas* mixt
The *Language* of the NYMPH affords
In all her *Glory* fixt.

Through *Her*, the lovely FUGITIVE
Her winning *Voice* imparts:
With REASON there delights to live,
And *capture* all *Hearts*.



A



A

SONG.

I.

ELL me, Dear CELIA, tell
 me true,
Will CELIA never *rove*?
Will she no other *Swain* pursue,
Nor injure DAMON's *Love*?

II.

The Pretty FALSE ONE gave consent,
Nay, swore a *constant* Part;

And

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 81

And bid her *Shepherd* rest content,
Nor question **CElia's** Heart.

III.

Pleas'd with her Words, the *Swain* retir'd;
The FAIR too sought the Shade
Where DAPHNIS for His *Nymph* expir'd,
When **CElia** prov'd the MAID.

IV.

To *Both* alike her Vows were given;
(how just is **CElia's** Way?)
For *Both* she paves the road to Heaven;
Is **CElia** faulty pray?



G I N



I N
IMITATION
OF THE
THIRTY SEVENTH ODE
OF
ANACREON.

EE! see! the lovely GRACES
bring
The *Rose* to deck the Virgin
Spring!

No more the Billows of the *Deep*
Insult the Skies, but calmly sleep.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 83

The *Duck* her wat'ry Chace pursues ;
His wand'ring Course the *Crane* renews :
The *Sun* emits a brighter Ray,
And adds new Lustre to the Day.

Look ! All serene the *Heavens* appear,
And Fields proclaim their *Tiller's* Care.
Nature assumes a pregnant Face,
And swelling Buds the Olive grace :
While spreading Vines their Tendrils Shoot,
And happy Branches teem with Fruit.





TO
Ambroſe Philips, Esq;
ON HIS
TRAGEDY
CALL'D, THE
BRITON.



HE Task was generous and
deserves our Praise
To paint the Lustre of our
early Days :

To let us know what Albion's Bloom has been
And make us sensible,— we once were MEN

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 85

To trace the Blessings of our native Earth,

And sing the Sweets peculiar to our Birth;

To mark the Glories of a *Vuliant Race!*

Prone to fierce Combat and each manly

Grace;

For this (dear PHILIPS) justly mayst *Thou*
claim

The grateful Tribute of immortal Fame.

With ardent Zeal for *Liberty* inspir'd

How beats my Heart at VANOC's Presence
fir'd!

To hear *Him* pleas'd those glorious Words
recite,

"And from their King they most demand
their Right,

Blest PRIVILEGE! — the meanest Briton's

Boast!

To other *Climates*, or not known — or
lost:

Long, long protect us by thy gracious
Stay,

And *gild* our ISLAND with thy latest *Ray*.

Nourish'd by THEE each Valley teems
with Grain,

And joyful Harvests speak thy gentle *Reign*:
The cheerful *Peasant* dreads no TYRANT's
Frown,

While HALCYON Safety spreads his Bed
with *Down*.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 87

How dreadful must that odious CONTRAST
be

Where *Thousands* tremble, and but *One* is free!
Whose feeble Rights their *Idol's Smiles* dis-
pense

Flaw'd by a *Frown*, and cancell'd by *Pretence*:
Who yet are taught that CONSCIENCE cries—

obey,
Tho' GOD's VICEGERENT prove a *Beast of
Prey*.

Base *Superstition!* — Servitude of *Fools!*
The cursed Rudiments of *Turkish Schools!*
Vanish such Dreams from every *British Breast*,
For *Man* in *BONDAGE* never can be blest.

‘Tis YOUR’s to cultivate *BRITANNIA*’s
YOUTHS

And publish wholesom (*tho’ unwelcome*)
Truths:

To write the stubborn Worth of *Days of*

Tore,

E’er foreign *Luxuries* had reach’d our
Shore

And made us *bumble*— while they made
us *Poor*;

To speak the *Wretchedness* of *fawning*
Knaves

Polish’d to— *Cowards*, and refin’d to—
Slaves,

Proceed

Proceed then CENSOR — nor refuse to

sing

The sickly Verdure of our blasted Spring :

Plant our Fore-father's *Virtues* in our View,

And all their *GENIUS* in our Souls renew.

No wanton BALL, or Mid-night

MASQUERADE

Their warlike Energy could e'er upbraid ;

But nobler Aims provok'd their tow'ring

Might,

And made them rush impetuous to the *Fight*.

— or 'Sister Bess' —
May YVOR's Conduct warm each *British*

Heart,

And Thirst of Honour to his Mind impart :

While

90 POEMS on
THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

While *VANOC* this great Maxim shall
relate,

(The solid Basis of our *free-born State*)

That PRINCE and PEOPLE share a mutual
Right,

And *Both* are happiest when they most
Unite.



Walking



*Walking in the Country with
a Young Lady; in Imitation of
ANACREON's twenty second ODE
to Bathyllus.*



EE! CLOE, see! Thou wond'rrous
Maid!

Behold this verdant gloomy
Shade!

Look! on each Leaf smooth Zephirs play,
And gently fan the sultry Day:
While near— a murmur'ring Brook invites
To amorous Joy, and fond Delights.

fay

Say then (*my Love*) who views this Place
But must entreat a warm *Embrace*?
Where *Scenes* enchanting thus conspire
To charm the *Soul*, and prompt *Desire*.



Written



*Written in a blank Leaf of
PRIOR's POEMS, presented
by a Friend to H—y F—n, Esq;
Alluding to*

PRIOR's Henry and Emma.



N PRIOR's Lines too fond
the MAID appears ;
The YOUTH too much per-
plex'd with *groundless Fears.*
Superior smiles your EMMA : She commands,
Not sues for *Fondness* at her HENRY's Hands :
While

While You—— transported at your happy
Fate,
Forbear fictitious *Tryals* to relate ;
And strive your tender *Passion* to approve,
By endless Vows of *Constancy* and *Love*.





A

CANTATA.

RECIT.



S STREPHON wander'd through
a breezy Shade,
He saw a NYMPH in the
adjacent Glade
To Rage and Grief by turns resign'd,
Who, to relieve her Love-sick Mind,
Thus spoke the Cares of a forsaken MAID,

ARIET.

ARIET.

How fierce the Anguish *Women* feel
When treated with Disdain ?
Less cruel is *Ixion's* Wheel
Than *Sapho's* raging Pain :
But *Sapho* and *Ixion* too
To hapless *SILVIA* yield in Woe.

RECIT.

The NYMPH thus languish'd in a plaintive
sound,
Till stung by dire Revenge a brisker Tone
she found.

ARIET.

Haste, CUPID, ease my wounded Soul,
A golden *Dart* employ :

Let

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 97

Let SILVIA now *her* flame controul,

And DAPHNIS wish to die:

But let *him* CUPID wish in vain,

And *living* sorely prove

The racking *Tortures* of *Disdain*,

The *Pangs* of *slighted Love*.

RECIT.

Thus sued the FAIR, and CUPID thus replied;

While STREPHON nearer drew to SILVIA's

Side.

ARIET.

Cease, Oh SILVIA, to torment *ye*,

DAPHNIS is a roving *Swain*:

Take the present *Bliss* that's sent *ye*,

STREPHON's here to ease your Pain.

H

Men

Men have found the *Art of ranging,*

Taught by *Your delusive Kind:*

Blame not then your DAPHNIS' changing,

He but copies SILVIA's *Mind.*



A N

nes
ful

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 99



AN
EPISTLE
TO
CLOE.

Desunt Malta, *****



HEN I reflect on the many wish-
ful and significant Looks, mutu-
ally sent and received by each
other from our respective A-
partments; together with our ear-
nest Attempts to converse, obstracted by a watch-
ful ***** the Bar and Obstacle of our ten-
der

H 2 der

der Hours and soft Amusements: (All, all, silent Demonstrations of Excess of Love and Despair) I cannot possibly describe our Disappointment in a more natural and moving Manner, than in the following Allusion which is lately come to my Hands, viz.



O when the rav'ous Hawk
with gentle Pace
Rounds in the Air to watch the
feather'd Race:

If perch'd apart two loving Turtles spy
Their common Foe with swift Destruction
nigh:

Both fix their Eyes, and dread th' impen-
ding blow,

Nor dare they murmur out one last Adieu:

Each

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 101

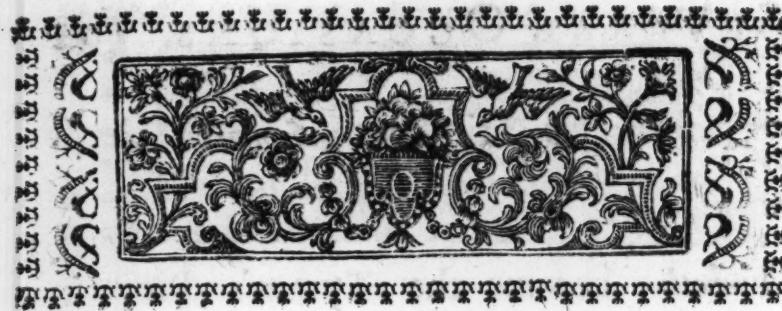
Each for it's tim'rous *Consort* bleeds
alone,

And *both* become the Tyrant's Prey in
One.



H 3

C A R.



C A R M E N

*Poemat. Oxon. in obitum Augustissimæ
& Desideratissimæ Reginæ MARIÆ
Secundæ inscriptum.*



ST NE, Qui missus petat astra
pennis
Ales, ac Teiam superet Co-
lumbam ?

Surgat, ac charæ ferat hæc SORORUM
Dona MARIÆ.

Cæteras



THUS
IMITATED.



S there a MUSE, that tow'ring
can out-fly
ANACREON's fainter Wing,
and gain the Sky?

Swift let HER bear to MARY's *Shade Divine*
This *Gift* presented by the *Tuneful Nine*.

Cæteras herbas minus Illa fidas
Sensit, herbarum generosa Nutrix:
Nostra succurret melius caducæ
Laurea Vitæ.

— Ex. Æde Xti. Musæ Ang. Vol. 2. P. 173.



EX

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 105

Treacherous the *Aid* all other *Simples* gave
To guard their *MISTRESS* from an *early*
Grave :

Our *Laurel* better will this *Virtue* claim,
To grant ETERNITY to MARY's Name.



X

E X



EX
Senecæ Thyestis,
ACTUS SECUNDI
CHORO.



TE T quicunque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico ;
Me dulcis saturet quies.
Obscuro positus loco

Leni



PART OF THE
C H O R U S ,
IN THE
S E C O N D A C T
O F
Seneca's THYESTES.



ET who will climb the slipp'ry
Heights of State,
(The *Fav'rite Courtier's* too
precarious *Fate*)

A calm Repose, with no *inglorious Name*,
In some obscure Retreat, be all my *Aim*!

Where

Leni perfruar otio.

Nullis nota Quiritibus

Ætas per tacitum fluat.

Sic cum transierint mei

Nullo cum strepitu Dies,

Plebeius moriar Senex.

Illi mors gravis incubat,

Qui notus nimis omnibus,

Ignotus moritur sibi.



Where I may pass, *unmark'd*, Life's chequer'd
Scene,

Lost to the *Crowd*, as tho' I ne'er had
been.

There, when my Days in *Silence* I have
Spent,

An old PLEBEIAN may I fall content !

He only shudders at Death's ghastly frown,

Who, to the World in gen'ral too well
known,

Expires a *Stranger* to himself alone.



CLOE



C L O E Retir'd.



*HUS early lost?— forbear
fond Tears to flow,
Nor streaming tell what
Pangs I undergo.*

Deep in my Breast the mighty *Anguish*
bleeds,

And *Grief* to *Grief* eternally *Succeeds*:
While *You alone* my gloomy Thoughts
employ,

And *YOUR DEPARTURE* sullies all my *Joy*:

Tell

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. III

Tell me that *Sense* (My LOVE) which
does not bear
The utmost *Pain* in Absence of my FAIR?
Where shall I find the *Treasure* I approve
To ballance for the Loss of ALL *I love*!
Where listen to that *sweet* that *heavenly*
Voice,
Whose pitying *Notes* could make the *Wretch*
rejoice?
No, no, (my *Fugitive*) while distant *Yon*,
To each fond Transport I have bid adieu:
Harmonious Sounds no longer charm my
Ear,
Nor *pleasing Accents* wake me from *Despair*.

The

The *Rose-bud* fades, the *Lilly* hangs it's
Head,

Unwholesom Dews their baleful Influence
shed,

And every *Being* pines while **THOU** art
fled.

Thus, when (*eclips'd*) the *Sun* withdraws
his rays,

All *Nature* droops, and suddenly decays.

The little *Bird's* their quiv'ring Pinnions
shake

And cudling low seek Refuge in the *Brake*:
Each *Thing created* sickens in it's turn,
And the whole *Earth* is but one spacious

URN.

Mævius



Mævius Anglicanus.



ORACE to PINDAR might
impute
His lofty tuneful Tongue:
And COWLEY'S MUSE had
still been mute,
Had SPENSER'S never sung.

MÆVIUS makes D' URFEY'S *Rhimes* his own,
TON'S *Pegasus* he tries:
And— was it not for tumbling down,
In Time might reach the *Skies*.

I

So

So *School-Boys* oft are seen to fail
In rearing of their *Kite* ;
When *heavy Papers* load it's *Tail*,
And curb it's wonted *Flight*.



TO

Atte

(Th



TO A
L A D Y,
O C C A S I O N E D

*By several accidental INTERVIEWS,
and being afterwards informed that
She was married.*



TTEND, BELINDA, while I
sigh my Care,
And breathe my Sufferings to
thy gentle Ear:

Attend, and sure with pity THOU must own
(The FAIR tho' guiltless) wretched I'm undone.

Curst be that Night, that fatal Night
when You

First stood presented to my *raptur'd View.*

How faint my Heart! How strong the quick
Surprise,

When first I saw those *dear deluding Eyes!*

A fluttering Pulse proclaim'd my hidden Joy,
And every *Sense* perceiv'd it's *Extasie*:

Cold chilly Damps upon my Temples hung,
And babling Accents faulter'd on my
Tongue:

My icy Veins the ebbing Blood forsook,
Trembling I gaz'd, and sickned at each Look:
Contending Passions seiz'd me in their turn,
I *freeze* this Moment, and the next I *burn.*

Such

Such strange *Convulsions* shook my tender
Heart,

While **Y**OU alone that caus'd, could heal
the *Smart:*

Here *Hope* began to dawn, and I again
Once more reviv'd, and re-assum'd the **M**AN.
When lo ! a dreadful *Voice* salutes my Ear ;
Forbear rash **Y**OUTH, *unhappy* **Y**OUTH
forbear :

Haste, haste away, and shun the *tempting Sight*,
For know, **T**HAT **C**HAMMER is *Another's Right*.
Another's Right ? — Forbid ye sacred POWERS,
'Till mine on *Earth*, late, late, in *Heav'n* **S**HE's
Tears :

But look! Malicious *Dæmons* blast that Prayer,
And clap their Wings in Sport at my Despair.
How can my *Soul* so fierce a Shock sustain?
I sigh, I rave, but rave and sigh in vain:
Born down at length by *Pains* too great to bear,
Each racking *Thought* is witness'd by a *Tear*.
See! My full *Breast* with secret *Pangs*
o'er-flows,
And pensive *Looks* betray my hoarded Woes.
Anxious I wait the kind approaching Hour
Which soon shall waft me to a happier
Shore,
Where *Anguish* never can pursue me more.

So droop'd ANTIOCHUS— a *Sacrifice*
Scorch'd with a *flame* from STRATONICE's
Eyes:

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 119

A *hopeless Passion* caught his subtle Soul,
And *painful Transports* raged throughout the
whole.

If by some friendly Chance he found Relief,
And stole one *Hour* of Ease from *Months* of
Grief:

Soon as the *beauteous CAUSE* again appears,
He starts, turns pale, and drowns himself
in Tears:

Silent he weeps, *o'er-power'd* too far to *rave*,
Nor dreams of *Rest* but in the peaceful
Grave.





IN OBITUM
DUCIS
GLOCESTRENSIS.



UM tua, Gloverni, celebrans
natalia Festa
Regia Vinsoriæ plausibus aula
sonat :

Tunc festivi Ignes quasi diri arsere cometæ,

Atque suo ex fato præmonuere tuum.

Tales arsuri Troes videre triumphos,

Et quæ lux miseriis ultima, festa fuit.

UPON

UPON THE
DEATH
OF THE
Duke of Gloucester:

*Alluding to the FIRE-WORKS made
to celebrate His NATIVITY.*



WHILE echoing Shouts through
WINDSOR's Court resound,
And FAME in Transport spreads
YOUR BIRTH around:

Then streaming Rockets like dire Comets shone,
And told your sudden Exit by their own.
Triumphs like these amus'd expiring TROY,
And the last Light SHE saw, SHE saw—in Joy.

Written



Written under the Name of
C L O E
Upon a Bumper Glass of PORT
WINE.



RIGHT CLOE's no sooner
our *Favourite Toast*
But each spirited Glass a new
Virtue can boast:

BACCHUS, pleas'd at the *Choice*, in a *humou-*
rous Vein
Bids the *Port* change it's *Nature*, and turn to
CHAMPAIGNE.

A



A SONG.

I.



ELL me, *bright PHOEBUS*
God of Day
Who guid'st the *various*
Tear ;

Did e'er thy piercing Beams survey
A *Nymph* thus heavenly fair ?

See ! see the *lovely Tempter* shine,
In *Beauty's Bloom* array'd ;

Each winning *Grace* appears *divine*
That crowns the *finish'd Maid*.
Yield

II.

Yield, CYPRIAN QUEEN, thy Glories yield
Rever'd on IDA's Grove :

Superior Charms contend the Field,
And sway the Powers of Love.

MARIA only wounds my Heart,

And sets my Soul on fire :

Then, Charmer, ease the killing Smart,

Now let thy Swain expire.



IN



I N
IMITATION
OF THE
TWENTY SIXTH ODE
OF
ANACREON.



WHEN BACCHUS has my Soul

possest,

My *busy Cares* are lull'd to

rest:

'Tis then, imagining I've more

Than wealthy CROESUS' mighty Store,

I sweetly sing, I gayly love,
And through a *Maze* of *Pleasures* rove :
With *Ivy* then my *Brows* I bind,
And *trample* all *Things* in my *Mind*.

Make ready *Boy*— the *Goblet* fill,
Give me a *Tun* that I may *swill* :
For when my *Brain* to *rest* is *laid*,
'Tis better far, I'm *drunk* than *dead*.





A N O D E.

I.



O longer preach, ye aged
Sires,
The Power of *Reason* over
Love;
Nor blame in *Youth* those tender *Fires*.
Your *Years* deny you now to prove.

II.

II.

Love is a Fever of the Mind

By Nature we must all expect :

A Phrensy of so fond a Kind

Enjoyment only can correct

III.

But Reason checks It's Heat— You'll cry—

See! see! in CLOE's sparkling Eyes

Reason her Standard waves on high,

Her cogent Rhetoric there employs.

IV.

Could PLATO and the STAGYRITE

More bulky Volumes still compile ;

Experience shews— how-e'er they write—

The Scale must turn at CLOE's Smile.

V.

V.

Urge on then *your Philosophy* ;
This Maxim, All at length must own :
The way to *conquer*— is to *fly*—
The *Wretch* who *parlies*, is *andone*;



K A N



A N
E P I S T L E
T O
Captain H—Y R—Y,
A T

*His Seat at Walton upon Thames,
in Surry.*



ROM noisy *Crouds* and suffo-
cating Air
Where shall the MUSE in joyful
haste repair ?

To what gay *Scene* direct her willing *flight*,
Where *Cowslip'd-Fields*, and *cooling Grotts*
invite ?

To

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 131

To WALTON's Meads she wings her airy
way,

There claims a purer *Skie* and brighter
Ray;

To THEE (dear *R——y*) grateful Homage
pays,

And hopes to charm THEE with her *sweetest*
Lays.

How different do we pass our ebbing
Hours ;

Labour, my Province; and *Diversion*, yours.
Condemn'd to squander tedious *Tears* away,
And study *Tomes* of *wangling*, Day by

Day :

Condemn'd to breathe where *Justice* shuns
the place,
And *slighted Nature* wears a *lickly Face*.

No early *Lark* salutes my new-born Day,
Or trills the *Linnet* from a neighbouring
Spray :

No evening *Philomel* provokes my Dream,
Or lulls my Fancy by a silent Stream :
But grating *Discords*, and promiscuous *Cries*
Break all my Slumbers with eternal *Noise* :
Earth's various *Produce* gives one jarring
Sound,

And *Notes* confus'd from *Street* to *Street*
rebound.

To

To THEE indulgent *Heaven* has prov'd more
kind,

And sent THEE *Blessings* suited to thy *Mind* :
A *Mind*, where *Reason* keeps a watchful
Guard,

And shews that *Virtue* is Its own *Reward* :
A *Mind*, untainted with the Thirst of
Wealth,

Whose chief Ambition's *Competence* with
Health.

Delightful *Sweets* encompass you around,
And blooming *Landscape*s spread the fertile
Ground:

See!

See! Osier'd *Thames* his floating Bosom
flows!

While smooth as the *Expanse* of *Heaven* he
flows;

Reflects each *Border* in his stealing Pace,
And doubles all the *Lustre* of the Place.

There, when extended *Shades* have cool'd
each Walk,

How do I long to hear my R——y talk!
To hear him tell what *ALBION'S Arms* have
done,

While *Gallic Troops* in wild Disorder run:
To hear him paint the Horrors of a *Fight*,
When *British Fleets* in *Thunder* boast their
Mght.

With

With THEE conversing, I survey all *Climes*,
Their *Laws*, and *Worship* at devoted *Times*:
Remoteſt *Customs* open to my Sight,
And *Tracts* unsought before are brought to
Light.

Oh, may I live to hail that happy Day
When equal *Honours* shall thy Worth repay!
Sincere with warmth!—The *Character* is New—
But *Envy's self* must own the *Wonder* true.

May peaceful Moments bless your *lov'd*
Retreat,
Which fly the *Villain* in his *Chair of State*:

May

May choicest *Pleasures* all your Steps attend,
And *Joys* un-numberd crown my *dearest*
Friend.



9 DE 63

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 137

SONG

S P O K E N
T O
C L O E,
U P O N

Seeing her PICTURE drawn
by *Vanderbank.*



NJURIOUS ARTIST! —

but alas! what *Hand*

Could all the *Lightning* of those
Eyes command !

How fade the *Tints* which should your
Charms supply !

Each *Rose* to droop, each *Lilly* seems to die.

In

138 P O E M S on, &c.

In rapturous Search, *deceiv'd*, I strive to find
Consummate Sweets— The *Emblems* of your
Mind.

The MASTER here (tho' else-where *None* so
true)

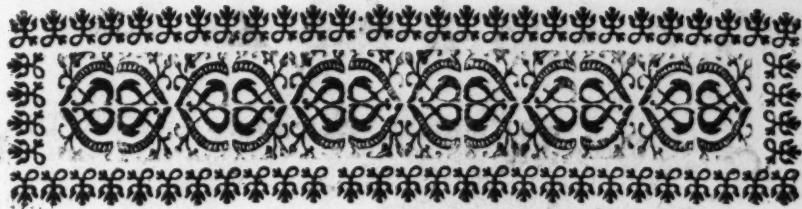
Checks my *Idea*, and defrauds my *View*:

Nor strange! for *Looks* like *Yours* can ne'er be
wrought,

Ne'er *pencil'd* right, but in your *LOVER's*
Thought:

9 DE 63

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